Cat. He will doe all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings*, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, if he be willing,
Encourage him and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lo. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentile Mis *Shore* one gentile kiſſe the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this buſſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord what ſhall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſomewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
we may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First

First he commends him to
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* A
He dreamt to night, the B
Beſides he ſayes, there are
And that many be determ
Which may make you and
Therefore he ſends to know
If preſently you will take h
And with all ſpeedy poſt i
To ſhun the danger that his
Haſt. Good fellow goe r
Bid him not feare the ſepar
His honour and my ſelfe a
And at the other is my ſer
Where nothing can procee
Whereof I ſhall not haue i
Tell him his feares are ſhall
And for his dreames I won
To truſt the mockery of v
To flie the Boare before th
Were to incence the Boare
And make purſuite where
Go bid thy maſter riſe and
And wee will both togethe
Where he ſhall ſee the Boa
Meſſ. My gracious Lord

Enter Catesby

Cat. Many good morrow
Haſt. Good morrow *Cat*
What newes, what newes, i
Cat. It is a reeling world in
And I beleeue twill neuer
Till *Richard* weare the Ga
Haſt. Who? weare the
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crow
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo
But canſt thou geſſe that he
Cat. Vpon my life my L.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arc